

Good Morning 390

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Was Ring's "PUZZLE FIGHTER"— JOE BECKETT



Calling Sto. Bernard and O.S. John Malone

HERE'S calling two brothers, both serving in submarines—Stoker Bernard Malone, 21, and Ordinary Seaman John Malone, 19 years old.

Firstly, you will be glad to hear that your sister Mary, is now fit and well again, getting on with the munitions, to back you up.

Your Mother says that if you get a chance of leave and want to take a pal home, don't hesitate; take as many as you like, the more the merrier.

Last week your Dad went over to Bury, to the usual reunion of the Fusiliers. He had a whale of a time.

We have a special item to tell you, John. Bonzo, your old pal, has turned thief. He is the plague of the neighbourhood, and every time your Mother goes shopping, she is confronted with the stormiest of looks and sad tales about the missing cod, that was on the ledge in the pantry.

To look at him, he is the same docile, dignified old cat, who apparently whiles away his time eating, and luxuriantly stretching himself out in front of the big kitchen range. But the question is: does he? Seemingly not.

Your Mother told us, John, about the "Bucketings" you have had, for not quite making the grade and rising with the lark. She wasn't very sympathetic, either.

"If he is anything like he was at home, I expect that he

IF you have not already arrived at the conclusion that Joe Beckett was the complete enigma of the boxing ring, you must assuredly do so in a very short time, or I have failed in my presentation of this puzzling personality. I come now to the biggest fight fiasco of my experience, and will leave you to judge.

You may remember that Carpentier had been beaten in such circumstances by the negro, Battling Siki, that he wanted above all things to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the sporting public. In order to do this he had to have for opponent a champion of some standing, and, what is more to the point, one whom he could feel tolerably certain of beating.

IT is not to be wondered at that Carpentier and his manager at once arrived at the same conclusion, namely, that Beckett was the very lamb to be trotted out for the slaughter.

This French pair had frequently had the luck running with them in their plotting and match-making, but this time their luck was out. Major Wilson, who was the leading London promoter at that time, was a sportsman and a man of business. His chief thought was to provide attractions that

was to be certain winners at the box-office.

As Carpentier had been beaten by Siki, he knew that Siki would prove a much greater draw in a match with Beckett than would be the case with a return meeting between Beckett and Carpentier.

It was amply demonstrated that the promoter had correctly gauged the public reaction to the announcement of the match, but, as you know, it was never permitted to take place.

Directly the promoter knew that it was impossible for him to stage a contest with Siki as one of the principals, he decided to accede to Descamps' request and fix another contest between Carpentier and Beckett, but it was easier said than done. Beckett was not at all willing to enter into another contract.

Much time was wasted in trying to fathom what was at the back of Beckett's mind in this refusal, and Major Wilson, who had the patience of Job when it suited his purpose, declared that he had found unbroken mules much more tractable.

He had an idea that Beckett might yield to this small person's persuasion, and he asked me to go and see him at Southampton and do my best to get him into the nearest approach to a mood of sweet reasonableness.

If I had not felt pretty certain that Beckett could beat Carpentier (if only he would tell himself he could) I should not have attempted to persuade him to take on the match. As it was, I felt sure about it, and accordingly talked him into acceptance.

We discussed the various tricks resorted to by this cunning pair (Descamps and Carpentier), and Beckett wanted some safeguard against being compelled to train and then risk going stale because the Frenchman wanted the date changed.

This little matter was attended to by inserting a clause in the contract to the effect that each side would have to post the sum of £500 as a guarantee of appearance in the ring on the date fixed.

In due course Descamps agreed to post the money, which was deposited with the Editor of "Sporting Life."

£500 FOR NOTHING.

Having accomplished this much, the promoter sat back and began to enjoy life once more, but his enjoyment was short-lived. Carpentier notified him that the date would have to be altered. He said he had been taken ill (I forget what the supposed complaint was) and would not be able to start training for another month.

Whilst the promoter was trying to secure Olympia for

a fresh date, Beckett lost no time in rushing to the "Sporting Life" office to lift the sum of £1,000 which had been deposited by the parties.

Directly the Editor learned that Carpentier was not boxing on the date fixed, he, of course, had to hand over the money to Beckett.

With £500 for nothing, Joe was well satisfied with the turn of events. As far as his natural grimmess would allow, he laughed morning, noon and night for several days on end at the thought of catching such a fly merchant as Francois Descamps.

I interpreted this as a good sign. Keep up that spirit, my friend, and Carpentier is as good as cold meat already. So it might have been if the promoter had been able to arrange his dates at will to suit the whims of prima-donna-like fighters.

It so happened that vacant dates at Olympia were almost

W. H. Millier discusses This "Fight Problem"

as rare as December strawberries in a cottage garden, despite the fact that the cost of hiring the hall to stage one night's boxing was £1,500 at this time.

By the time the promoter was able to secure another date, which was some considerable time after Beckett had pocketed the forfeit money, Beckett had changed his mind.

He was not at all interested in Carpentier, and his only interest in the fight game at that moment was as a spectator.

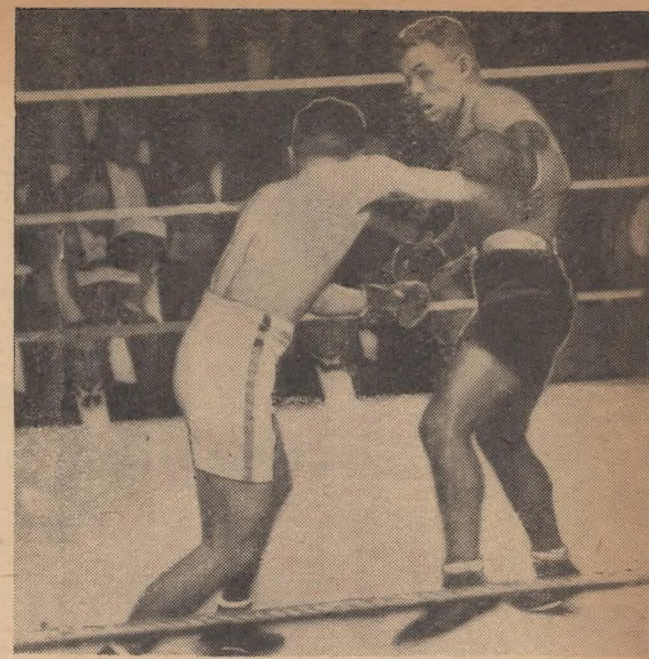
No wonder the promoter had by now to wear a hat at all times of the day. He used to call it his tile, because his thatch had disappeared.

Many a hardened promoter would have thrown in his hand at this point, but not Major Wilson. He meant to go through with this match somehow or other. Just when I had dismissed the affair as one of those episodes that have to be written off, I had an urgent call from the promoter to once more act the Good Samaritan to his sick show.

He had formed the impression, for some unknown reason, that I was the only person he knew who was able to bring Beckett to reason.

This time we made the journey together to Southampton. Beforehand, Major Wilson had tried by every means he knew to bring Beckett to heel, and had finished up by threatening a lawsuit for breach of contract. Beckett had been notified of the time of the visit, and was waiting to meet the promoter with what he no doubt regarded as a masterpiece of planning.

The meeting place was in the house of Beckett's adviser. It would not be strictly correct to describe this gentleman as a boxer's manager. He was a very good friend to Beckett, and had shown him how to invest his ring earnings in gilt-



Beckett meets
Carpentier

edged securities, so that even to-day the boxer should cherish his memory with gratitude, but he was not an expert in the technique of the ring.

In this matter Beckett took his own advice, as may readily be gathered.

DIGNITY OF THE LAW.

This benevolent friend, however, was not present on this occasion. Beckett's companion was an entire stranger to the Major and myself, but we were not left long in doubt as to his identity.

With a note of triumphant satisfaction in his voice, Beckett informed us that this was his solicitor. We boxed with all the gravity we could command. I forbore any attempt at caricature.

Suffice it to say that this pillar of strength on which Beckett was leaning at the moment may have been a model of legal propriety, but if he had set himself the task of arranging a set-piece on the lines of a comic music-hall sketch he could not have succeeded better in providing a humorous atmosphere.

However, there was not the slightest suspicion of humour in this solicitor's make-up. His dwarf-like appearance was accentuated by his ultra-correct morning coat with tails, which made one think of a sparrow. Withal, he wore a Captain Cuttle beard and looked very severe.

Clearing his throat in order to get the right pitch, the solicitor addressed the Major and me thus: "You have been informed that I am Mr. Beckett's solicitor. I must warn you that I have a clerk behind that screen" (here he dramatically shot out an arm towards that obtrusive article, which we could not have failed to notice on entering the room), "and he will record in shorthand every word of this conversation."

He paused and waited to note the effect of his words. It was an effort to avoid a ribald remark. Major Wilson confined himself to an enigmatic "Oh!"

As the solicitor finished speaking I caught sight of Beckett's normally glowering face, now positively beaming with pleasure. He threw a chest, as if to say "That's hit 'em for six."

It was a long pause. At last Major Wilson spoke. "If that's the attitude," he said, "there's no need to waste further time. As a lawyer, you must know that Beckett is bound by contract. I intend to announce the contest to take place on the First of October, and if Beckett fails to appear on that date I shall sue for breach of contract."

As we were passing through the doorway on our way out, Beckett, without consulting his legal adviser, shouted, "All right. You can make me go into the ring, but you cannot make me fight." The significance of that remark was painfully apparent some weeks later.

This much-postponed match aroused tremendous interest. To me, it was rather astonish-

ing that the sporting public had not been fed-up to a point of boredom by the first "they will" and then "they won't" meet. Still, you know, if anything is shouted from the housetops loud enough, and often enough, it is bound to cling on in the memory.

It will give some indication of the topicality of the subject at that time if I quote a little story I contributed to a Dominion newspaper. It went thus: American visitor, being shown over Canterbury Cathedral, was told by the guide, "And this," pointing to an ancient tomb, "is a Beckett's grave."

"Oh," exclaimed the American, "so that guy did fight the Frenchman after all."

THE WHITE FLAG.
Let me quickly draw the curtain on the happenings at Olympia on October 1st, 1928. There were something like 11,500 people present—about the biggest crowd to attend an indoor boxing contest in this country.

It was only in the nature of things that Beckett should choose just such an occasion as this for the most ignominious performance of his whole career.

The gong rang for the start, and Beckett merely ambled out of his corner. Carpentier made a rush. Down went Beckett, and at the same instant Beckett's brother, George, who was acting as second, threw the towel into the ring.

The spectators were stupefied. None of them knew what had happened. When some of them realised that the affair was over before it had properly started there was pandemonium. Old gentlemen in boiled shirts shouted in tones of agony for Beckett to continue "for the honour of his country."

I actually saw several of these old gentlemen waving wads of crisp, white banknotes, offering to subscribe a purse then and there for Beckett to fight.

Be sure that his was not lost sight of by the many old boys of Fagin's academy, who were always present on such occasions.

One of the newsmen turned to me and asked, "What blow was it that put him down?" I pulled a face and said, "Don't ask me." I know he felt that I was very unfriendly.

Carpentier lost no time in leaving the ring, joyously excited. I was following hard on his heels, as I wanted to catch him in his dressing-room. On the way he met Kid Lewis.

Without waiting to be asked, he embraced the East End boxer and shouted, "Ted, I just looked at him and he fell over. I never hit him. I was so surprised I nearly fell over him."

It was then that I recalled Beckett's words as we were leaving that house in Southampton. "All right. You can make me go into the ring, but you cannot make me fight."

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

ings." Her only regret is that she did not think of it herself. It would have saved her voice, she thinks!

And you, Bernard, however do you manage to get out of that nice warm hammock, now that you cannot rely on the soothing, stirring romantic tones of Vera Lynn's crooning to lure you from your bed?

Mary was going to sell flags for the N.S.P.C.C. the week-end we called, and she was grieving the fact that you two were not at home to give her a nice big donation. Sisters think of everything, don't they?

All's well at home at 53, Church - street, Harpurhey, Manchester, and fondest greetings are sent to you.
Good Hunting!

Never heard—King smokes

A RUMOUR has been going round Dockland that tons of smuggled tobacco were being burned by the Customs.

The truth is that it is only the "King's Pipe" smoking as usual in Victoria Docks, but somewhat more thinly than usual. This furnace has smoked intermittently now for nearly 100 years, burning waste tobacco under order of the Customs and Excise Department. All sorts of tobacco have been burned in it.

Some of the burning baccy is seizure because of non-payment of duty, and part of it is wastage which is not regarded by the importers, even in war-time, as worthy of manufacture. So it must be burned in bond, as no duty is paid on it. In war-time, of course, they try to give the "King's Pipe" as little as possible to smoke, and there is very little wastage to burn.

The tobacco comes here in leaf form. Stalk and unduly thin leaves were always rejected by the importers, but now may be of use in manufacture. If any stalk and thin leaf are rejected, the Customs and Excise offer this for sale by contract, and what is left over is taken by C. and E. officials to the "King's Pipe" and burned in the presence of a Government witness.

If there is a stock waiting for the "Pipe," it is lodged in the King's Warehouses, which are in London and six other ports in Britain.

Large scales similar to the weighing machines formerly used at fun fairs and on sea-side piers are employed by Customs and Excise men to weigh the bales of baccy accurately to a fraction of an ounce. Even a small change in the moisture content can change the weight appreciably.

For instance, it was recently reported that packets

of a certain brand of tobacco were from 12½ to 22 per cent. short weight, and this was reported to the Board of Trade and the Tobacco Controller by the Weights and Measures officials of a County Council.

Based on the figure of 12½ per cent., this means a loss of 3d. an ounce to the purchaser, and a loss to the Exchequer of £100,000 taxation in a year.

Officially, the Board of Trade has considered the question of the moisture content of tobacco, and has come to the conclusion that legislation to stop short-weight would not be expedient in war-time. Unfortunately even a simple fault in the packing machinery can cause loss of weight which no expert would say was due to moisture-content changes, but, of course,

these losses are not common in the tobacco trade.

Samples of tobacco can be taken, in groups of three, by weights and measures officials of local councils, and if there is any possibility of a dispute the three identical specimens are labelled and initialled and date-stamped. One is kept by the retailer, the second is tested by the local analytical department, and the third is kept as independent evidence if there is a court case.

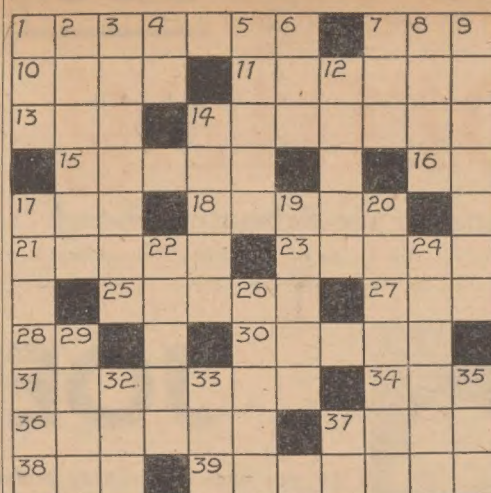
In an extreme case a whole sample may be burned in the "King's Pipe"—but there is not a single case of such an extreme course having been taken during war-time. Complaints made about "V" cigarettes and others did not involve tobacco which had come into Britain, and which, if not up to the necessary minimum

Pipe!

standard, would be sent straight away to the "Pipe," so that a pale blue stream could rise over Victoria Docks, and no serving man would be offended by being sent low-quality tobacco. If there is a dispute about quality, and if the Board of Trade is not satisfied that a certain bulk of leaf or stalk should be burned in the "Pipe," specimens are sent to the Government chemists, who work in a seldom-heard-of laboratory near Chancery Lane, off Fleet Street, London.

Professor Fox is the head of this official research section, and his chemists are frequently making checks on moisture content of tobacco. On their word rests the final Government decision about whether the "Pipe" shall smoke or not.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Charged.
7. Small pocket.
10. Ruminants.
11. Innate.
13. Light carriage.
14. Number.
15. Reduce.
16. Behold.
17. Adults.
18. Birds.
21. Tree.
23. Vigour.
25. Unaccompanied.
27. Perch.
28. Sailor.
30. Embodiment.
31. Support.
34. Exploit.
36. Of milk.
37. Famous writer.
38. Loop for hook.
39. Spoke ill of.

FIG. SALOP H
LOITER DUPE
OWL LIBERAL
RATTLESUM
A W SOLES
LUPIN WIDEN
NATAL N E
RIP PACKAGE
UTENSIL LAD
BYRE RUMPLE
Y SWEDSAD

CLUES DOWN.

1. Pointer.
2. Banishes.
3. Garden plant.
4. Within.
5. Accustom.
6. Weir.
7. Tree.
8. Egg-shaped.
9. Darling.
12. Verbal form.
14. Black.
17. Not fixed.
19. Occurrence.
20. Mistake.
22. Chosen.
24. Sea trip.
26. Relation.
29. Animal cry.
32. Tennis service.
33. Young animal.
35. Shuck.
37. Interjection.

Motorists will "Fly" the English Channel

IN the course of a great deal of post-war planning and discussion, the position of the civilian plane has been well to the fore. There are many who think that cheap little aeroplanes will be put on the market like small cars.

In America one big company hopes to produce a machine for £130. This all sounds very attractive—but Capt. Shorter, the well-known British industrialist, hopes to get one step beyond this.

He plans to develop a "flying motor car." I have seen a plan of his suggestion, and on paper it looks very good.

His idea is that a car shall be made that will, in a matter of minutes, be switched over from a land speedster into a small "family plane." If his dream comes true—and there is every reason why it should—you will, a few years after the war, drive down to the coast, make one or two slight alterations to the car, pull out the wings—and fly across the Channel.

Then, having landed in France, and passed the Customs, you turn your plane into a car once more, and continue your journey through the French countryside.

On various occasions men have "walked over" the Channel on special water shoes; pedalled over on a water-bike; rowed over in small boats; used dozens of other novel methods, including swimming.

One of the most amusing efforts was made by a Frenchman named Pierre Lamartiniere in July, 1856. On the 2nd of June of that year he had jokingly challenged an English Customs official to a race across the Channel. "You can use whatever weapons"

you like," he added. The Englishman suggested beer barrels.

At the last moment, owing to illness, the Customs man had to drop out—so Lamartiniere decided to go alone. Backed by a large firm of Lyons brewers, who were anxious to push their wares to a wine-loving French, he set out from Wimereux on the first Saturday in July.

For fifteen miles he paddled across the Channel, watched by many people who had hired boats for the purpose. Then, to the disappointment of everyone, a storm blew up, a wave toppled over the Frenchman's beer barrel, and he received a soaking.

But it was well worth the trouble, for he received a nice cheque from his backers, for his daring had brought their beer barrels right into the public eye!

The idea of a "Channel Tunnel" had long been in existence. Actually it was 142 years ago that Monsieur Mathieu, a French inventor, suggested it to Napoleon. He was enthusiastic about the plan—but England was at war with France shortly afterwards, so it was forgotten.

Another Frenchman, Thome de Gamond, in 1856, produced a detailed scheme for a tunnel beneath the Dover Straits, but once more it was rejected.

In 1871, however, Gladstone gave the idea his blessing, and ten years later Parliament gave the South-Eastern Railway Company permission to make experimental borings.

It was discovered that the bed of the tunnel would be of solid chalk impervious to water. A joint Select Commit-

tee, formed in 1883, however, decided against the tunnel. For some time after this the Channel Tunnel became history.

Then, in 1921, General Foch declared, "Had we a Channel Tunnel in 1914 there would have been no war." And in 1924 Premier Ramsay MacDonald had to decline the demand of over 400 M.P.s for a similar project because the Imperial Defence Council did not think it would be a good idea from the military point of view.

With Europe, after the war, being dependent upon this country more than ever before, it is quite possible that a Channel tunnel will at last become a reality.

Experts, who had been into the position very thoroughly, think it would cost between thirty and forty million pounds, need 120,000 workmen to carry out their plans, and take just over a year to complete.

But, before this plan goes into operation, there will be many more other projects to claim priority!

USELESS EUSTACE



"Now fly the darned thing to your heart's content!"

A man should keep his little brain attic stocked with all the furniture he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber-room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it.

Conan Doyle.

I am all that ever went with evening dress.
Kipling.

QUIZ for today

1. A navew is a Scotch cousin, plant, watercourse, part of a watch, Spanish boat, Irish beggar?
2. Who wrote (a) The Man Who Was, (b) The Man Who Was Thursday?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mars, Neptune, Venus, Arcturus, Saturn, Jupiter.
4. What was Gulliver's Christian name in "Gulliver's Travels"?
5. Of what nationality was William Tell?
6. Is Berwick-on-Tweed in England or Scotland?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Secant, Sedemint, Sedum, Seisin, Siezure, Scimtar, Sempstress.
8. About how far is New Zealand from Australia?
9. How old is Tyrone Power?
10. In what country is the drachma used as a coin?
11. What would you do with a paddy-melon—put it in a cage, wear it, eat it, or drink it?
12. Who is called the "thirteenth Apostle"?

Answers to Quiz in No. 389

1. Wryneck.
2. (a) Anthony Trollope, (b) A. J. Cronin.
3. Wales is not an island; others are.
4. Three.
5. Bulrushes.
6. John Brown's.
7. Gazetteer, Gauge.
8. Jugged hare; roast saddle of mutton.
9. Vulcan.
10. Kent.
11. Monarchy.
12. Verity, Celerity, Temerity, Prosperity, etc.

WANGLING WORDS—333

1. Put always in SE and make it hard.
2. In the following first line of a well-known song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Twese owl owl dan dan twese.

JANE

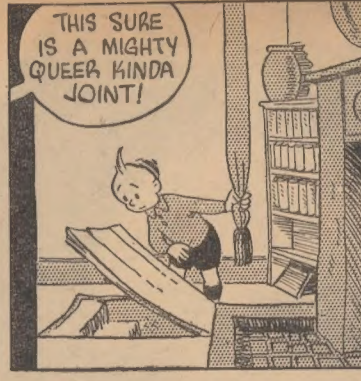
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change ROSE into BUSH and then back again into ROSE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two green crops hidden in: The farmer must ardently cultivate his acres, sowing them early.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 332

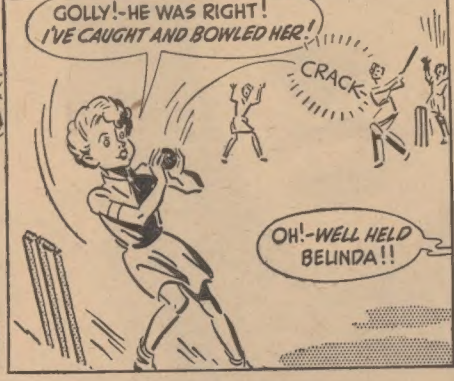
1. CARAMEL.
2. Practise what you preach.
3. HOT, hoe, toe, tee, TEA, pea, pet, pot, HOT.
4. Ea-gle, Th-rush.



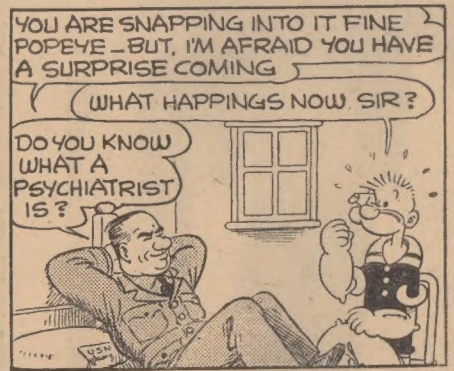
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

THE following story was told me by a man who had been for some time on the staff of the B.B.C.; but I cannot believe it to be a record of actual fact. The only explanation that satisfies me is that my friend meant it to be symbolic of the spirit or atmosphere that pervades that august Corporation. Whether or not it represents accurately even that, I would not like to say. Personally, I think it is exaggerated; but the story may be worth telling.

The B.B.C., so the tale goes, were advertising for an announcer, and on the appointed day the candidates were interviewed by a special selection board. This is what is alleged to have happened with one of the applicants.

Spokesman of the Board: Where were you educated?

Candidate: At Eton.

S.B.: And which university?

C.: Oxford, Balliol, actually.

S.B.: Have you been in the Army?

C.: Yes. I was at Dunkirk and right through North Africa, but was invalided out.

S.B.: Do you speak any foreign language?

C.: French, German, Italian and Spanish, fluently; Russian, Turkish, Arabic, Hindustani and Japanese, not quite so well.

S.B.: So far it seems fairly satisfactory. Do you know anything about music?

C.: As a matter of fact, I do. Years ago I was going to be a professional musician, and after studying singing at Milan, decided to concentrate on the piano and violin. I studied these at the Conservatoire at Brussels.

S.B.: Can you write at all?

C.: I have done a bit at it. For some months I was a deputy leader writer on "The Times," and have published half-a-dozen novels, with a couple of volumes of poetry.

S.B.: What about leadership? Have you ever had charge of any sizeable body of men?

C.: Well, apart from my battalion during the war, and a temporary command for some months of a brigade, I can't say that I have. Unless, of course, you like to count the year that I was head of a big aircraft factory in the Midlands.

S.B.: Do you know anything about acting?

C.: Only what I learned during two years with the Old Vic company and during twelve months I spent in Hollywood.

S.B.: Have you any other accomplishments which might be taken into consideration?

C.: That is rather a difficult question to answer. But I am an expert gardener, have had a couple of pictures in the Academy, won an open competition for designing a big new Town Hall in a well-known seaside resort. And I have stood as a Parliamentary candidate for a couple of constituencies, after serving for a time on a Town Council. Oh, yes, and I was for a time an attaché in the Embassy at Rome. I can't think of anything else at the moment, though there must be other things.

S.B.: Well, if you can't think of anything else we shall have to try and make do with what you have told us. In any case, we will advise you of our decision later.

Some six months afterwards my informant met the candidate, who was looking very down-in-the-mouth. In reply to a query as to what was the matter, my friend was told that a letter from the B.B.C. had arrived that morning and the decision was unfavourable.

"Did they give any reason for turning you down?" asked my friend. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "they said I was too short."

My friend seemed to be rather annoyed about the business, but, as I told him, there may be a very good reason, unknown to either of us, why a short announcer is not the most suitable person for the job.

Thinking the matter over, I am inclined to that view. For example, one often finds that little people, designed on the duck-plan, are rather bumptious. Everyone knows that the microphone possesses the almost miraculous property of reproducing with uncanny accuracy personality. What would be more annoying to the average listener than to be compelled to hear a super-aggressive announcer?

On the other hand, this particular candidate, being small—and it gets them that way sometimes—might have an inferiority complex. That would again raise difficulties, for it would surely be most unfortunate if an epoch-making announcement were made by a man who, apparently, did not believe in the truth of the statement he was making.

It does strike me, also, that this particular fellow might have been a rank failure as a pin-up boy.

There are so many things to be considered, and it does seem to me to be guilty of an almost anarchistic outlook to be so ready to condemn an institution which is to-day as rightly revered as, say, the House of Lords, or the Primrose League, or the Fabian set-up.

I am afraid that this carping spirit has shown a most regrettable increase during the war, and I often wish we had a statesman to deal with it of the calibre of Cromwell or Bottomley, or even the umpteenth Marquis of Salisbury.

Good Morning

Linda Darnell, 20th - Century Fox star of the Technicolor film, "Buffalo Bill." But then we always have been fond of "Westerns," haven't we?



A prize selection of Norfolk ducks take a "constitutional." What a surprise selection, to walk right into the jaws of — well, you know where prize ducks end their days.

THIS ENGLAND

Those who have travelled the water-front from Dartmouth to the sea must have remembered the 93 steps which connected the two — or did they?



Holiday at Home by all means, Sonny, but fishing in Trafalgar Square is doing it a bit too thick.



Maybe she HAS gone on munitions, but I'm hanged if I'm going to be nursemaid any longer.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Some dog has had his day."

